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CIRCULATION STATEMENT.

July, 1910.

1.....6682	18.....6687
2.....6701	19.....6692
3.....6710	20.....6679
4.....6702	21.....6686
5.....6707	22.....6693
6.....6709	23.....6715
7.....6721	24.....6702
8.....6693	25.....6692
9.....6693	26.....6711
10.....6693	27.....6710
11.....6693	28.....6710
12.....6693	29.....6713
13.....6693	30.....6715
14.....6693	
15.....6694	
16.....6712	

Average, July 1910.....6705

Average, July, 1909.....6818

Personally appeared before me the 2nd day of August, 1910, R. D. MacMillan, Business Manager of The Sun, who affirms that the foregoing is a true and correct statement of its circulation for the month of July, 1910, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

PETER PURYEAR,

Notary Public.

My commission expires January 10, 1912.

Daily Thought.

True dignity is never gained by place.

And never lost when honors are withdrawn.

He who knows not how to wait is not worthy to attain.—Gosparin.

Governor Patterson, says an exchange, is being roasted by the dependents for the conduct of the Tennessee primary, and by the regulars for not withdrawing. Done on both sides, so to speak.

A SHIPWRECKED OLD LADY.

"We think the editor of the Hickman Post-Village Twice-A-Week Gazette handed Col. Henry one.—Paducah Evening Sun.

"Take another 'think,' yer son-of-a-gun, one's coming to you!" says the Courier-Journal, which also says in pursuing the discussion: "The demand for prohibition drives at the very roots of the Democratic theory of government. The demand for the free and unlimited coinage of silver was merely an expedient of mistaken Democratic leaders. It brought shipwreck to a militant and triumphant organism. It drove us from what seemed a long and sure lease of power. All the Courier-Journal said was verified by events. It was a Democrat then. It is a Democrat now. It has never gone anywhere; just the same old lady at the corner, in steel-rimmed specs and Kentucky-made bombazine frock, tucked neatly up for better convenience in basting little boys with the cotton umbrella which she carries alike for the discipline of recalcitrant youth and protection against the inclemency of the weather."

"We can't think any more, Colonel. You've got us so mixed up in your 'skirts' and your 'roots' and your 'ship-wreck,' that we don't know whether the Democratic party is more like a clipper rigged schooner yacht or a species of vegetable organism. On the whole, though, we guess you're right. It is a sort of mixed metaphor."

TAFT'S WAY AND ROOSEVELT'S WAY.

A clever cartoonist with prophetic vision might depict Mr. William H. Taft in the act of gently lifting Joe Cannon down off the elephant, with naughty Joe clinging tightly with both chubby fingers to the panoplied top of the huge animal.

Eventually Joe will come down, and, even though his fingers may ache from the tightness of his grip and tingle with the violence of the jerk with which he is separated from his position, the world will never know how grim the struggle between the speaker and the president, and Joe, looking up into the broad smiling face above him, will see there only an expression that will tell him "this hurts me worse than it does you, Joe."

For such is the way of William H. Taft.

He never has undertaken anything yet that he has not accomplished, and accomplished in a way to cause the least friction and humiliation, yet in a way that has never sacrificed principle to expediency. Theodore Roosevelt recognized this happy faculty in his secretary of war, when, after repeated tests, he threw his influence to Mr. Taft as the best fitted man to consummate

those policies, which Roosevelt himself had advocated. And if Theodore Roosevelt made a mistake in his man, then Theodore Roosevelt has made the supreme blunder of his life, one that has undone all the good he ever accomplished, and we can trust him no longer.

This is important to keep in mind, because those frenzied newspaper correspondents, who told us how Roosevelt immediately upon his return would denounce the Taft administration, are now sure that Mr. Roosevelt will say the words on his western tour, they predicted he would say when he landed.

They acknowledge that they possess no facts to justify this conclusion. Mr. Taft's record of progressive legislation secured at the hands of his first congress out-Roosevelts Roosevelt in the matter of interstate commerce regulation and conservation. The same columns that contain the prediction of a split, express the opinion that Nicholas Longworth's rejection of Cannon for speaker was inspired at a conference with the president, and Cannon is Roosevelt's arch-enemy. The announcement that Senators Aldrich and Hale, also antagonists of the Roosevelt policies, will retire on account of ill health immediately following a session at which they were forced to support measures they formerly opposed, does not fit into the theory of a breach between Taft and Roosevelt. It looks as if, instead of being courted by President Taft, all the old leaders, who opposed Roosevelt, are being forced out of congress, gently to be sure, but none the less inevitably; for that is the way of William H. Taft.

It is to be expected that the average man of average intelligence, hedged in by the circumscribed horizon of private life, should think he understands the situation better and has a wider vision than the man of more than average intelligence, who views the situation from the high eminence of the white house. Consequently, President Taft is blind to the extent of the insurgent movement, and cannot appreciate the unrest that is stirring the country—so the average man seems to think.

The latest manifestation of mid-summer idiosyncrasy is the Washington story that the president, who holds in the "hollow of his hand" all the postoffice, revenue and treasury appointments of every congressional district in New York, has made a deal with so small a politician as Tim Sullivan to humiliate the country in exchange for Tim's support in the New York delegation in 1912. The average man knows that such a deal would be fatal to every chance of the president to secure New York's support in the Republican national convention, and we ought, at least, give the president of the United States credit for having average sense.

When Mr. Roosevelt cast his mantle upon Mr. Taft, he must have had some reason for his choice, and the career of the president is enough to justify the most sanguine expectations of his predecessor.

When the dispute arose between the native Philippines and the vatican, regarding the disposition of friar lands in the Philippines, a trouble similar to that which has put Spain on the verge of civil war, William H. Taft was selected for the delicate task of settling the difficulty, which he did to the satisfaction of everybody. When a governor was needed for the new insular possessions of the United States, an officer for whose guidance the history of the world offered no precedents, President William McKinley swept the whole nation with an eye single for a man, who could handle the situation in such a way as to bring peace in the Philippine archipelago and reflect credit on the nation and the administration; for the commonest kind of failure, naturally to be expected under the untried circumstances with an alien race, would have brought discredit on the government and made McKinley's "manifest destiny" the joke of the century.

He chose William H. Taft, and so well was the work accomplished that the Philippines today are more peaceful than the state of Ohio has been since Taft left home. In the discharge of his duties concerning the Panama canal as secretary of war and in his diplomatic mission around the world Mr. Taft displayed the same executive ability and compelling charm.

He possesses all the magnetism of McKinley with the decisiveness of Roosevelt.

In his campaign for election he advocated a postal savings bank, and we have it; he advocated a protective tariff based on the difference between the cost of production here and abroad, and he secured a law, providing for a commission of experts, who are securing data at this moment; he advocated the extension of the powers of the interstate commerce commission to regulate railroad rates, and the law went into effect this week; he advocated executive authority to withhold public lands, containing mineral deposits and water power sites from private entry, and has reserved nearly a hundred million acres under the act; he favored a new employer's liability law, and got it; he favored commercial reciprocity with Canada and has made terms with that government; he favored free trade with the Philippines and won it.

He secured this progressive legislation, too, without taking sides in the Republican factional fight in congress. He is head of his party, as well as head of the nation—not

a faction leader. Whether the "insurgents" or old "regulars" win is to the president of less consequence than securing legislative enactment of the policies he proposes.

What he needed to secure the legislation he advocated were votes, and Republican votes; for he could depend only on those, who were elected on the same platform with him to support his measures. There were not enough insurgent votes to enact the laws, and not enough regular votes. Had he taken sides with the one against the other, he would have split the majority in congress in twain without gaining a single law in conformity with his policies. He assumed it to be his duty to get the laws passed, and let the factions fight it out among themselves. To him everyone was a Republican, who voted in accordance with the national Republican platform pledges, and no one was deserving of recognition as such, who voted against Republican measures. Thus it was that some hot-headed, hard-livered insurgents, who felt bitter toward the president for not taking their side and opposed the presidential program, found themselves outside the federal patronage crib. And how highly they esteemed the privileges of the majority party is evidenced by the loudness of their protests.

The success of the progressives all over the country has naturally been felt at Beverly. The cautious application of pressure to Joe Cannon, Senator Aldrich and Secretary Ballinger to force their retirement from places of influence without disturbing party equilibrium, is the presidential recognition accorded popular sentiment. Opposition papers and speakers, who are aiding the sentiment for the insurgents, are not hurting the administration, but simply hastening the realignment of the majority party. It is the work of Murdock, Beveridge, Cummins—yes, and Roosevelt—to exercise force in wresting control of the national party organization away from the reactionaries, and some of them will be killed politically in the struggle; for that is the law of war. But President Taft's political responsibility is to hold the party together while the readjusting process is going on, and when the fight is over and the progressives are in the saddle in every congressional district, William H. Taft—blatant, imperturbable, smiling, but insistent—will be at the head of the party; for that is his way.

The man, who cannot understand the relations between Beverly and Oyster Bay needs to review the A. B. C.'s of politics. While President Taft is attending to the engraving of progressive policies on the nation, Roosevelt is keeping in touch with the insurgent element. The insurgents possess initiative and courage and the qualifications for local leadership; but their conduct ever since Roosevelt's return shows that not one of them rises sufficient by superior to his fellows to take the lead, and so they turn to the president as their commander. When the next Republican national convention comes around, Providence not intervening, Roosevelt probably will have the insurgent vote to deliver to whomsoever he chooses; President Taft with his federal patronage will have the southern delegates bound to him; and a combination of the two will determine the action of that convention. Until that time Mr. Roosevelt will go on preaching his political doctrines and encouraging the revolt from the old party leaders, who supported Fairbanks and opposed the nomination of Taft, saying nothing about the present administration directly; while President Taft will continue his policies unimpeded by the injection of Roosevelt's personality into affairs of state. But when 1912 comes, the way of Taft and the way of Roosevelt will converge, and fortunately, for the writers, who have been predicting trouble, their mid-summer madness will have been forgotten.

He had much to learn in the way of small politics upon his accession, but in the wider range he was already master. One of his pet devices was to break the solid south, and he chose Tennessee as the state in which to make his first plea. He is blamed by the "regular" Democratic press with being the chief cause of the coalition against the Patterson machine in that commonwealth; and whether or not he be guilty, the defeat of Patterson by a majority of 40,000 is not improbable.

Under his administration, the interpretation of the anti-trust law by the court of last resort is coming to pass; and Providence has thrust upon him the duty of filling, at least two, and probably four places on the supreme court bench, thus placing virtually in his hands the settlement of a policy that will affect, perhaps, the social history of the world, as it placed in his hands the determination of the American colonial policy.

Roosevelt and Bryan will go down into history as the great preachers of civic morality; but the practical application of those moral principles to the system of government and the direction of policies likely to affect the ultimate destiny of the nation were left to William H. Taft.

He moves too slowly for the theorist, and too fast for the short-sighted railroad interests; but one step at a time, with an eye scrutinizing the place for the next step, over a course laid out by compass, is the safest way—and that is the way of William H. Taft.

The shiftless man is always religious—he lets God take care of his family.

STATE PRESS.

A Cabbage Snake.

While preparing a cabbage for dinner last Saturday Mrs. R. W. Rowland found a cabbage snake snugly coiled in the heart of the cabbage. The "reptile" was about three inches long and had the exact appearance of the cabbage snakes that were so numerous a few years ago. Needless to say, there was no cabbage served at the Rowland household last Saturday.—Carlisle County News.

The Cost of Vanity.

An exchange gives an incident that illustrates the impossibility of telling where the trouble resulting from a mortgage will end. A man mortgaged his farm to buy his wife a pair of ear rings. The wife took in washing to pay the interest on the mortgage and the first day lost one of the diamonds in the suds and tried to hang herself in the barn, but the rope broke and she fell on a \$150 Jersey cow, breaking its back.—Grant County News.

Wonders of Marshall.

The Rev. W. R. Butler, farmer and butcher of Route 3, brought into this office a radish nearly 20 inches long and about 3 inches in diameter.

Mrs. J. C. Story, who resides on a farm on Route 6, sent to this office last Saturday peas measuring 19 inches in length and bearing two to each stem.

Mrs. J. W. Smith in North Benton, raised a cucumber in her garden this year, measuring 1 1/2 inches in length and 12 inches in circumference.

Mr. T. F. McNeely, of Aurora, raised on two acres of land, with two and one-half bushels of seed, fifty bushels of fine wheat.—Benton Tribune-Democrat.

Heard in the Lobby

PALMER HOUSE—J. W. Howe, Cairo; Ed Hamlett, Mayfield; Albert Michiel, Vincennes; Thos. H. Robinson, Nashville; J. A. Sutton, Morganfield; O. L. Mason, Mayfield; T. E. Webb, Princeton; C. B. Marshall, Louisville.

Belvedere: H. C. Kramer, Louisville; W. Elrod, Mt. Vernon; W. S. Hagerman, Louisville; W. S. Gleaves, Nashville; C. E. Clark, Hopkinsville; P. H. Hammond, Marion; J. A. Colley, Fulton; W. Bertram, St. Louis.

NEW RICHMOND—J. L. Smith, Frankfort; Robt. Boyd, Salem; Mike McKewer, Evansville; Ed Baynes, Metropolis; Jan. T. Horan, Columbia; H. A. Barbars, Evansville; T. H. Griffin, Marion; Jas. Cunningham, St. Louis.

ST. NICHOLAS—T. J. Bass, Kevil, Ky.; Ed. Walpole, Memphis, Tenn.; Chas. Morris, Memphis, Tenn.; Grand Davidson, Marion, Ky.; E. W. Hollings, Atlanta, Ga.; Col. Morris Thacker, Madison; Dr. L. Roaz, Lexington, Tenn.; J. E. Hays, Lexington, Tenn.

Woman, the Ever Ready.



The Wife (with great presence of mind)—Keep hold of him, Horace, while I try to find a policeman.

In the Social Slish.



"Why did you discharge your last servant?"
"Well, my dear, you see, her complexion didn't harmonize with my new tea gown, so I had to let her go."
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT.
Every dose makes you feel better. Last Fox keeps your whole insides right. Sold on the Money-Back plan every where. Price 50c.

Exports from the United States to Canada show a larger growth in the current fiscal year than those to any other of the important countries of the world.

IF IT'S ONLY A HEADACHE.
Why Cornelison's Headache Liver Pill will cure that, 10 cents. Guaranteed by all druggists.

Society is harder on a woman's complexion than housework.

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

CENTRAL AMERICA KNOWS JOHN MOISSANT, AVIATOR.

Career of Man Who Carried Passenger in Airship Across Channel.

New York, Aug. 19.—In Nicaragua and the various other republics of Central America, where many Americans of adventurous spirit have staked their lives and reputations on their quickness with a gun, John Moissant bears a reputation of being a man who has been traveling through South America for the department, investigating the cotton goods industry. His report has been published in a monograph by the bureau of manufacturers. The chief obstacle to larger sales, says the report, seems to be the failure of American manufacturers to conform closely to the requirements of the market. The United States, he adds, has the advantage of lower freight rates than European countries.

In Argentina the cotton goods trade practically is controlled by a few big foreign houses that have long established connections with European firms and in many cases practically are exporters' agents.

At the time Moissant was sojourning in Honduras, it was told by a Nicaraguan, a tramp steamer loaded with a cargo valued at something like \$100,000, was cast ashore during a storm and abandoned. That night, in the teeth of the gale, Moissant made his way alone to the steamer in a small dugout and took possession of the vessel.

In the morning the storm abated and the ship's captain, accompanied by members of the crew, rowed out to the ship, which had withstood the pounding of the sea and wind, but which was held fast on a sunken reef in the outer harbor. They were hailed by a shot from Moissant's revolver. Moissant claimed the ship and her cargo as salvage and threatened to "blow the head off the first man who tried to come aboard."

There was a second expedition to the ship, this time with the American consul and some native soldiers, but to show his sincerity of purpose Moissant shot a hole through the sombrero of the native commandant.

Brothers Were Arrested.
The expedition returned to shore for re-inforcements of artillery, but during the night another storm swept the harbor and foundered the vessel. Moissant was taken off later by the American consul, who found him lashed to the topmast rigging, only a few feet above the water.

Previous to this exploit, Moissant appeared in the news columns as handling a rapid-fire gun for the Nicaraguans in an attack on Salvador during one of the recent outbreaks there.

The Moissant brothers—George, Alfred and John—and two sisters for many years had interests valued at several hundred thousand dollars. In 1907 George and Alfred Moissant were imprisoned on charges of aiding the revolutionists of Salvador. John was actively implicated in the movement against President Figueroa.

When the revolutionists were repulsed by government troops at Acacajua, John Moissant fled to Nicaragua. His brothers later were released, but their property was attached by the government as a bond to prevent their escape from the country.

Mrs. Taylor has several furnished rooms on the third floor of 509 Third avenue. She was making up the beds on the afternoon of August 1 when a man walked into the room and struck her with a hammer. It was some time before she regained consciousness, and when she did the man was gone. Mrs. Taylor has been too badly frightened to recollect the man's appearance. She said that \$11 had been stolen.

McMahon denied that he had stolen any money. He didn't know why he assaulted Mrs. Taylor.

BARRE DEAD; MOTHER DYING.

Condition Found at Chicago Home—Fear of Insanity.

Chicago, Aug. 19.—Returning from a shopping trip, Mrs. G. H. Fortmiller found her 9-months-old baby smothered to death and her mother, Mrs. Dorothy Bartell, unconscious from razor wounds across the throat.

When restored to consciousness, Mrs. Bartell, who is 62 years old, declared that the house had been entered by a stout man who attacked her with a razor. The police began a close examination of this story. The house was not in disorder when Mrs. Fortmiller discovered the tragedy. There had been no attempt at robbery and it was discovered that all the doors and windows of the house were locked. The razor with which Mrs. Bartell had been cut was found behind a bath tub. Mrs. Fortmiller said that her mother had been complaining of pains in her head recently.

The improvement of Jamaica Bay, which is now under way, will add 150 miles of water front to the New York harbor.

At one time among the Greeks the wearing of breeches indicated slavery.

UNCLE SAM SLIGHTED.

South America Buys Little of Our Cotton Goods.

Washington, Aug. 19.—Although Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay purchase more than \$20,000,000 worth of cotton goods every year, less than \$300,000 of this trade is with the United States, according to a report to the department of commerce and labor from an agent who has been traveling through South America for the department, investigating the cotton goods industry. His report has been published in a monograph by the bureau of manufacturers. The chief obstacle to larger sales, says the report, seems to be the failure of American manufacturers to conform closely to the requirements of the market. The United States, he adds, has the advantage of lower freight rates than European countries.

In Argentina the cotton goods trade practically is controlled by a few big foreign houses that have long established connections with European firms and in many cases practically are exporters' agents.

MONKEY NEEDS A SURGEON.

Keenan Has to Revise First Diagnosis, for Joe Hasn't Toothache.

New York, Aug. 19.—"Got a toothache, Joe?" said Keenan, keeper of the Central park monkey house, to the six-months-old dog-faced baboon, who is a pet there. Joe simply held on tightly to his jaw with both hands and looked woebegone.

That was three days ago. Yesterday Joe was hopping around in such a comic-pathetic imitation of a man with a jumping nerve that Keenan made a close examination. Then he saw that Joe's trouble was not toothache. There were small ulcers on each jaw.

Keenan got a small lance, took Joe from the big cage into a smaller one, operated on the swellings and put the animal in a room by himself. Although Joe seemed to be relieved he was still out of sorts and would not be comforted. The monkeys displayed little sympathy for their fellow lodger.

RELIEF PARTY WRECKED.

Would-Be Rescuers of Erichsen Expedition Ashore at Greenland.

Copenhagen, Aug. 19.—Captain Elmar Mikkelsen with his expedition which sailed June 20, 1909, on the Danish arctic ship Albatross, to search for the bodies of the Erichsen Greenland expedition, were wrecked during the winter on the coast of east Greenland, according to advice received here today. Capt. Mikkelsen and the entire party were saved and landed on Shannon island, off the coast of King William land. From this point they were recently rescued by another ship.

The expedition for which Capt. Mikkelsen was searching when the Albatross was that of Mylius Erichsen, who perished in November, 1907, while trying to return from the north coast of Greenland by way of inland ice.

Seeks Runaway Brother.

New York, Aug. 19.—Repeated appeals by letter from his mother in Austria to find his brother, missing 12 years, have spurred Louis Wiesenberg, 25 years old, of No. 236 East Fifth street, to unusual activity, and yesterday, after appealing to the police for the third or fourth time, he came to the World office and asked the aid of publicity in his search. Twelve years ago, Wiesenberg said, his brother Joseph, then only 10 years old, was brought to this country from Krakow, Austria, by Mrs. Fanny Schonberg. After his father died Louis came here five years ago, but he was unable to locate Mrs. Schonberg, who is a cousin. Recently he found the Schonbergs at No. 405 East Eighth street. They told him his brother had run away from home when he was about 14 years old. "Every letter my mother writes to me," said Wiesenberg yesterday, "she urges me to find Joe. The police told me they could do nothing, as Joe is now over 21 years old. I hope I will find him or that he will write to his mother."

The Weather

Forecast for Paducah and vicinity
—Partly cloudy tonight and Saturday; slightly lower temperature. Highest temperature today 85; lowest, 75.

Choice

Any Suit in
The House

\$17.85

Suits
that sold up
to \$35

CULLEY'S

A Card of Thanks.

We wish to give our heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends who came to us in time of trouble and grief, at the time of the death of our dear husband and father, Capt. Thos. Hawkins, and also for the beautiful floral designs sent by dear friends.

MRS. THOS. HAWKINS, DAUGHTERS AND RELATIVES.

Testing Her Love.

"What?" she asked with fervor, "can I do, Horace, to prove that I love you with all my heart?"
Their honeymoon was waning, and he replied, without emotion, to her appeal:
"You might give me back all the foolish letters I have written you, so that I might have the satisfaction of destroying them."—Merry Thoughts.

The Evening Sun—10c a Week

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SATURDAY SPECIALS

August 20th, at

IDEAL MEAT MARKET

512-514 Broadway

Damson Plums, basket, \$1.00

Free-Stone Peaches, per basket, 35c

Walker's Grape Juice, per dozen, \$1.00

SUGAR, 17 POUNDS FOR \$1.00

Jello, 3 pkgs., 25c

Lemons, per dozen, 25c

Pimentos, per can., 10c

5 lbs. fine Rice, 25c

Large Queen Olives, qt., 35c

Gold Medal Flour, sack, 90c